

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

1901

Composed and Sung with immense success by Marlow & Regan.

We'll sing you a song of things that will be,
In Nineteen Hundred and One;
Of the changes to come if we live to see
In Nineteen Hundred and One.
The soldiers and sailors will get their back pay,
All government frauds will sink in the hay,
Old Beecher will preach for a dollar a day,
In Nineteen Hundred and One.

Moody and Sankey will go on a tare,
In Nineteen Hundred and One;
Sitting Bull will be looking for more human hair,
In Nineteen Hundred and One.
Boh Ingersoll he don't believe in a hell,
But brimstone and sulphur poor Bob he will smell,
So and So will be governor, you het, if he can,
In Nineteen Hundred and One.

Kate Claxton will invent a new fire-escape,
In Nineteen Hundred and One;
Subscriptions for So and So will be out of date,
In Nineteen Hundred and One.
The ladies won't wear any bustles so honey,
Conkling on Sprague, you bet he is spooney,
Mrs. Langtry will be looney if she marries Pat Rooney,
In Nineteen Hundred and One.

Parnell and Dillen will make England groan,
In Nineteen Hundred and One;
The Irish will tread on the grave of Gladstone,
In Nineteen Hundred and One.
We'll banish the landlords into the sea,
The Land Leaguers they will all holler with glee,
You can het your sweet life we'll see Ireland free,
In Nineteen Hundred and One.

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